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Owen Redgrave struggled with maniacal fury, but the passengers all her." ing site. No registery fee-correspondence with non residents owning tands or town property in this or advantage countries is respectfully solicited. No charge w. hout sale is effected.

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UNCLE OWEN'S WIFE

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE OHIO VILLAGE.

"Stop the train, stop the train!" Incle Owen continued to shout.

"What's the matter with him?" Some of the passengers asked.

"He's mad-he's mad!"

"A madman is aboard the train." So wild and excited was the almost blazing with fury.

"Stop the train! Stop the train!" he continued to shout.

The conductor and brakeman starting that they made no effort to obey

Almost instantly the locomotive care to keep out of sight of it. whistled down breaks.

"What did you do that for, sir?" her there."

"Saw who?" "My wife."

"He's crazy," said one of the passengers.

"Oh no I an not; let me off, for the ove of Heaven let me off."

The train had been slowing up obedient to the warning pull, but the frantic in his anxiety.

"I can't stop here."

"But she's there-my wife. I've searched the world over for her, and go?" the driver asked. his is the first glimpse I have caught of her." He ran toward the door as if he would hurl himself to the ground.

"Stop him! Don't let him out!" Real Estate, Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents cried the conductor, now fully convinced that he was dealing with a madvinced that he was dealing with a mad- ly watching the rail road and the sons." man. Four or five strong men seized various crossings.

maniacal fury, but the passengers all her." convinced that there was a madman him. It was in vain he plead and the road side.

begged to be put off. The train whirled on to the next

landlord as soon as he was in his a small shoe.

"A team?" "Yes sir-horses and buggy."

"Do you want to go away?" "Yes."

"Where?"

"About eight or ten miles back on the railroad " The landlord stood scratching his

head a moment.

)wen asked.

"Yes--"

"Well do so at once." "Don't you want dinner first?"

"Yes, if it's ready." "It 15." "Then I will eat, but have a car-

as I have taken my dinner." He went in to the small dining room and sat down at the table. Uncle the dark skinned man who sat at the table opposite him. He fixed his eyes little astonished and then asked: on the Kentucky planter very much as

drinking at the brook. Uncle Owen hurriedly disposed of his dinner and then went to his car riage which was waiting for him. The lost, but I reckin' ef ye ain't too hard lowed him from house to house. "Why driver sat in the seat snapping his ter suit ye kin find one, fur the country did he come here. Has he heard for its mother was heard by the man whip at the flies that buzzed about the is full o' em."

a ravenous wolf might on the lamb

horses ears.

"Yes sir, I am quite ready." "Climb in."

Uncle Owen got in the carriage just as a dark skinned man with black flashing eyes emerged from the house. He fixed a keen glance on the man been some o' the neighbor gals." who was going away in the buggy.

"Which way d'ye want ter go?" the here?" driver asked.

"Back to the next station." "South."

"Yes."

brisk trot. A flock of geese which than that." THE REDGRAVE MYSTERY were coming down the street were screams of complaint at such treat- in a thoughtful manner. ment. The buggy spun on, sending air in its rear

"Do ye know who the monsieur is?" asked the dark skinned man of the landlord in a voice which betrayed a slight foreign accent.

"No, he's an old gent that came in on the last train, and he never took frantic husband that his eyes seemed the pains to register. He started off

somewhere." "Where is he going?"

"I don't know-he's told no one." The dark skinned man nodded his ed down the car to quiet him. See- head knowingly and went hurriedly toward the livery stable. In a few mohis command, he sprang up and seized ments he was mounted on a swift footthe bell cord and gave it a tremendous ed roadster and thundering away after the flying buggy, yet taking the greatest

The carriage in the meanwhile was speeding on down the wooded road. cried the conductor almost furiously. The scenery, though common place, "Stop the train-she is there. I was not without its points of interest. saw her-I saw her. I'd swear I saw There was the rail road with a fence on one side and an open forest on the other. Hogs were rooting in the soft. cool soil at the road side, and stopped, rearing their heads and staring at the clattering buggy, through the dirt which had accumulated about their eyes.

Down the glade and across the plain Uncle Owen sped. An old cow which conductor seized the bell cord and lay in the road chewing her cud very signaled the train to move on again. complacently, was run on by the ap-Once more it was increasing its speed, proaching buggy, and the forewheel and Owen Redgrave became almost was on her shoulder before she sprang to her feet. So sudden was her move-"Why don't you stop it?" he cried. ment that the buggy was almost turned over.

"Do you know where you want to

"No," Uncle Owen answered.

"Then how 'm I to know when ye git there."

"I will tell vou." All the while Uncle Owen was close-

At last he called to the driver to aboard came hurrying forward to hold halt, and in a moment he pulled up at

"Let me out," he said. He climbed out of the vehicle and went to the station eight or ten miles away. Here railroad crossing. Wagons had been he was permitted to take his baggage passing over the railroad, and had and get off. He went to a hotel, the doubtless obliterated the foot prints said sinking back on the cushions in best the small Ohio village could af- he should find there. But a little to despair. In a few moments the buggy one side of the road, slightly spattered was rattling back toward the village. "I want a team," he said to the with dust was the impression made by

"This is the place-this is the very spot; not five hours ago my wife, for whom I have searched so long, stood here. Oh where is she now "

He sank down upon some cross ties and burying his face in his hands groaned:

gotten off the cars at that time, I would also stopped. It might be to fix his "Can't you get the team?" Uncle be with her now, But she must be saddle blankets, tighten the girth or to could even hear the sigh which escapsomewhere near. She lives near here talk with some one whom he met; but ed from his trouble burdened heart. surely. I will find her. She was you may be sure that over beyond the Back and forth, back and forth across her, in mourning. Poor Alice is it for the grove of trees somewhere, the dark

herself she is in mourning?" On the other side there was a corn riage, horses and driver ready as soon field which came down to it. A man was at work in the field. The Kentuckian climbed the fence and hailed Owen was too much agitated to notice the subject of inquiry which he had come to make. The farmer looked a

> "What d'ye want?" "I'm hunting for a woman," said Uncie Owen.:

The farmer smiled and said:

the crossing. Where is she now?" "I dun no, stranger." "Where did she go?"

"I didn't see her, an' o' course I he finally said to himself. don't know nuthin' 'bout her. She's gone-I guess home. It must have slip my finger when I have her eh

"Do you know any woman who has "All right." He cracked his long been in the country not longer than a started back for the Ohio village the whip and the horses started off at a year and a half and any period shorter dark skinned horseman followed him.

"Yas there's Pete Dimple's wife. wife. great clouds of dust soaring into the Pete an' his wite hev been here about that time."

> "What kind of a woman is Mrs Dimple."

"Oh, she's a right peart woman." "How old ?"

"I'd say 'bout thirty " "Is she a brunette or a blonde 2" 'What is that ?"

"Is she light or dark?" "Oh she's got black eyes an' hair.' "Do you know any other woman

short time?" "Y-as, thar's Sallie Riggins." "How does she look?"

"She's a tall gal, red headed and freckles on her face, got a hooked nose."

"She is not the one." "Then thar's Lucy Dumkins who's been here 'bout a year I reckin."

"What kind of a woman is she?" "She's a likely gal 'bout eighteen." "Too young," interrupted Uucle owen. "Are there any more?"

"Think and see if there may not be some one whom you have forgotten.' to be cudgeling his brain, but at last after him. shaking his head he said:

"Did you ever know a woman calling herself Alice Redgrave?"

"No, thar's no 'un."

"No."

"Or Alice Harcourt." "No never."

"Or any other Alice ?" "Tha'r old Alice Pilkins. I've hotel and she watched him with a lynx knowed her fur twenty years. She's like eye-

bout fifty years old."

"But she is not the one" som'ers else, kase I can't give ye any whose "life I hold dearer than my

information about it." "Well I will inquire of other per-

thinkin'." Uncle Owen then went to the buggy and climbed into it. In a few moments he was driven to a farm house where he proceeded with his investi- sun rises I must be away. Thank

house he drove without eliciting any information about his wife.

When night came he was exhausted anb wearied. "Drive me back to the hotel," he

CHARTER XVI.

SONNETTI AGAIN. The dark skinned horseman who had started in pursuit of Owen Redgrave, kept just in sight of the buggy which had been piled at the road side, but did not approach near enough to it, to excite suspicion. It happened down the steps. She listened now strangely enough that every time "Oh she's gone-could I but have Uncle Owen's buggy stopped that he all his power and skill, that was, watch- night.'

ing the action of Uncle Owen's buggy. "The old man seems not to be suc-"Wall, stranger, we ain't got any ceeding well, he chuckled as he folsomething? The fool to expect to "I was passing here on the train an find ze Madame-Moiselle without me "Are ye ready?" he asked of Uncle hour ago and saw a lady standing at knowing about it. I will know, oh! I

will know right soon too." After a few moments cantering leisurly along his eyes upon the ground

"I vaz a fool. Why should I lether Two weeks ago she waz at ze farm "Are you well acquainted about house a school teacher, then she run away. I trace her here and he came "Wall, I reckin' I orter be sein' as here. I have only to watch him and I've lived in these parts about ten then all will be well, I will see her and she will be in my power again."

When Uncle Owen at last worn out,

Yet he was just in sight, and did not The farmer removed his staw hat seem to be following him. He seem- ters this night, lost," she was saying to scattered in every direction uttering and scratched his head a few moments to have any other object in view, than herself. "To-morrow morning when to follow the husband searching for his he wakes I will be gone. I will never

"I will decide now whether I do it

he rode along. It was long after dark when they reached the quiet village. A pale white face in the sombre twilight was watching their entrance to the village, It is slow and often pauses. At first from the window of the very hotel at it was only a creak on the stairway. which they were both stopping. It was a woman's face and she held in her arms a sleeping babe. She had new sound so disturbed and annoyed come to the village a hour or two bewho has been in the neighborhood but fore going immediately to her room tion. and claiming to be wearried by

She was a young widow calling herself Mrs. Mary Maitland. She drew back in the shadow of the room and as Uncle Owen entered the hotel, and laid her sleeping child on the bed.

"It is he," she said, "his room adjoins mine, and now I dare not speak lest my voice be recognized. Heaven grant that my child may sleep."

The child like its mother was weary and slept the sleep of exhaustion. The small shoes of the mother indicated that she had traveled a considerable distance on foot. She watched the The farmer seemed for a long time form of the dark horseman stealing in

"It is he, it is he?" she whispered. I know his form he is my evil genius. Oh! why does he not become entangled in legal difficulties for the manifold crimes of which he had been guilty, and thus free me from him forever."

She sat in the shades of the evening

and sighed. The dark for mentered the

"The scoundrel comes here on mischief bent. It is not myself that "Then stranger ye'll hev to look will be in danger to-night, but one

The baby stired in its sleep and she arose and went to it. The child had "Ye won't find the gal ye want I'm become ill and feverish from the jour-

"Heaven grant that no evil consejuences may result from this day's travel. I was forced to make it, and tomorrow I must be gone. Before the gations. From farm house to farm heaven my baggage is checked on, and I can tollow. The scoundrel will be trown off the track." She hushed her babe once more to

> door to listen to what might transpire below. The sounds of many voices could be heard, and after an hour or two there came a slow almost sad step up to the hall above. It was following a waiter who carried a lighted candle in his hand .. "This is your room sir," said the

waiter pausing at the room adjoining the room where the woman calling herself Mary Maitland was staying. "All right, just leave a candle with

me and I will get along," said Owen Redgrave. Then she heard the man go in his room and the waiter was returning with her ear close to the thin board partition which was between her and Uncle Owen. She heard him slowly walking about in the apartment, and thought to chain up the dog, dear girl!

dressed as the merchant said he saw hill, around the lane fence, or behind the room the slow measured steps of the man continued their way. "Oh my God !" he finally exclaimskinned horseman was waiting. And ed, 'tow long-oh how long am I to He walked to the top of the railroad. singular enough every time Uncle be tortured with this terrible suspense. Owen's buggy moved on he seemed to It is killing me by inches. Yet why canter carelessly along behind, as should I complain when she is suffering far more than I. Alice,-Alice, though he was merely exercising his my darling Alice where are you to horse. His ride seemed aimless, and night. Are you near-oh! you must the farmer. How was he to approach he galloped along with a careless free- be, for I saw you this day as plainly as dom of one who had no ostensible I ever saw you in my life. Though it you speak literally or figuratively?" object in view. But the cunning vil- was but an instant, and I saw your Big Man: "Oh! figuratively! lain was busy. The very thing he Alice how you have suffered. Oh I seemed not to do he was doing with would give the world to see you to hog."

The woman who listened was sobbing bitterly yet she made no noise Spiritualist, desired to hold communisufficient to disturb the sorrow burden-

ed man in the other room. The babe awoke. Its wailing cry in the other room. Owen Redgrave's disposition naturally warm and sympathet c, went out for the infant. "Poor paby," he said sadly. "Is it

relieve it.' The child continued to cry until its mother took it, holding it to her breast until she had soothed it to sleep not daring to even a hum lullaby. "Thank heaven it did cry,"

head its voice, though he knows it not. Thank Heaven he has head its voice."

The strange woman who had that afternoon walked into the Ohio village on the railroad, still listened at

the partition. "I don't want a single word he utsee him again-perhaps never hear his voice, and must hear it now.

She even listened to his breathing to-night or not," he said to himself as long after he was buried in sleep. Midnight still found her kneeling at the partition. She did not seemed to desire to even rise again to her feet. But suddenly her quick ear hears a cat like tread coming up the stair-way. Then it becomes a step. Now she heard it on the stair and now off the stair, and then in the hall way. This her, that she gave it all her atten-

> "He has come to do his fiendish work," she gasped her heart beating wildly and her eyes glaring with a lustre that was wonderful.

Slowly and continuosly the footsteps moved along the hall until they were oposite her door and there they paused as if the person were listening. She had her light out, and with her eye at the key-hole caught sight of a tall dark form. It was a man with a dark lantern in his hand. He was the dark faced scoundrel who had followed Uncle Owen.

Straight to the room of Mr. Redgrave he crept and began scientifically picking the lock. The woman rose and softly opened the door of her nom just as the would be assassin succeeded in opening the door to Uncle Owen's room. A bright blade was flashing in his hand, and he had taken one step into the room of the sleeping planter when the woman sprang into into the hall and in a low yet determined voice said: "Stop Sonnetti, villian, murderer

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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> The tongue of an omnibus never speaks except in a stage whisper. What's in a name? That which we

> call a mule by any other name would kick as hard. Germany has annexed a good deal of territory durning the past year, and yet she wants Sa-moa.

> O'Donovan Rossa, who has an alleged knowledge of dynamite, now knows somerhing of the widow's might. A singer in a Michigan college paper anxiously inquires: "Why come not my lover to me?" Have you

> speaking of one who had drank himself to death: "Yes sir; dissolution has brough many a man to his grave. Bishop: "Dosen't shv,eh, Mr. Perkins?" Horsedealer: "Shy? never. Stop, my lord. I must be honest with you. I did know him shy once; but that

"Yes, sir," said Mrs Partington,

was at a Salvationist Army passin' by?" Bishop buys horse at once. Little Man: "In referring to me as a hog, sir, am I to understand that face-I knew it was you. My darling you sir; figuratively. It would be abserd to speak literally of onely one

> Some years ago a lady in Boston died. Her husband being a strong cations with his departed, and inquired if she was happy. "Oh! yes," was the the extension of woman's suffrage at reply. "I am happy here; yet, after all. She suffers enough now." all, it isn't Boston

Lieutenant: "There is nothing like presence of mind. One day in battle a soldier near me had four of his teeth knocked in by a rifle ball, which would suffering more than I. I wish I could have surely passed through his spinal column and killed him, had he not, with rare presence of mind, quickly swallowed the ball."

At a recent gathering in St. Louis, General Soerman was present. Said a the hawks also distroy the oid birds mother mentally ejaculated. "He young lady resident: "He dosen't during the day but the owl is the prihlook like a literary man." "Oh! he isn't!" replied another young resident. The baby was soon, hushed to sleep. Didn't he write 'School for Scandal'?' Uncle Owen having walked himself "Mercy, no. You are thinking of tired, at last undressed and went to General Sheridan. He is not here to- the Butler, Pa , Savings Bank, is missnight."

GEN. GRANT.

The Ex-President Slowly Dying-Nature of the Disease with Which

He is Affliced. Naw York, March 1 .- At midnight Gen. Grant's condition was reported unchanged. The General was up during the day, as usual, but his physicians and friends have given up all hopes of his recovery. His doctors say he is gradually sinking. There were many

callers at the house to-day. The New York Tribune says: "His cordition remains about the same; he is neither better nor worse than he has been for several days," said Col. Frederick Grant last evening. Who the callers were yesterday, or from whom any letters or telegrams were received concerning Gen. Grant's condition, Col. Grant refusad to dis-

close. Dr Douglass said: "Gen. Grant passed a comfortable night, slept well, had little pain, and during the day was up and around and enjoyed himself with his family. The General ate more heartly yesterday than he has for

several days. "Was the General alarmed at the sublicity given to his case and on find-

ng out his true condition?" "I am not in a position to answer juestions as to what is done in Gen. Grant's house, but I presume all accounts of his condition that might produce an untavorable mental impression were kept from him. I saw him about 10 o'clock to night and he was then free from pain, and gave promise

of passing a comfortable night. The New York World of Tuesday will have the following: Dr Fordyce Baker, family physician, said yesterday: "These cases turn out so differenty from what we expect often, it is not wise for me to predict how long Gen. Grant will live. I have not seen him for a week. I was present at a consultation of physicians and thought then that the case was very serious. I have great faith in Dr. Douglass, because he was successful in many cases. I referred to him. That is how I came to interest Gen. Grant in having treatment at his hands. The surgeons, Dr. oublication, The Sunshine Magazine. cause it was thought advisable to con-Grant he might smoke half a cigar, but ought best not to irritate the throat with tobacco, but to say that uicotine caused the cancer is going too far. The Generrl's will power in giving up his cigar, especially when he had been in the habit of smoking so many a day is remakable. He has not smoked a cigar

since October 28 Egotism: An alphabet with one

Boston has 168 school houses worth

An agreeble person is one who agrees with you. Bacon says: "Reading makes a

full man." So does eating Bacon-

and beans.

The appropriations for the government expenses next year amount to \$130,000,000. The beautiful is nothing more nor

less than the summit of the true .--

[Victor Hugo. A Newport, Ky., girl pawned her grandmother's false teeth for money to attend the roller skating rink. "Mamma," said Polly on hearing a

donkey bray. "I like the donkey, but

I don't like to hear him donk."

The ice bridge at Niagara this winter is said to be the most massive for many years, and is estimated to be over 60 feet deep. "We bend the knee but not the

plar's society in Pennsylvania. The motto is a good one. The police of New York are such strict sabbatarians that they refuse even to look at the open door of a

elbow," is the motto of a Good Tem-

grog-shop on Sunday. "No indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Podeman energetically, "I don't believe in

Pigons are more profitable than may be supposed, as they often hatch and raise as nany as ten pairs of squabs in a year. No one should expect them to pay a grofit unless a suitable poultry loft has been drovided. If left outside in boxes the owls raid on them. hun. dreds of squabs and adults are yearly destroyen without the knowleage of the keeper by such midnight marauders. cipal enemy.

Edward Vogely, a book-keeper of ing with \$50,000 of the bank's maney.